

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S



HOSPITAL JOURNAL

WAR EDITION

Vol. 2

OCTOBER 1st, 1940.

No. 1.

BOMBAST

Each morning for the first week of London's "Blitzkrieg" men would be seen arriving at the Hospital with heads held high, obviously bursting with news. They had come for social reasons largely, since there were very few patients left, and teaching had come inevitably almost to a standstill. On one of those mornings a typical conversation heard on the "Slope" ran as follows:

"I had a bomb dropped in the next street early this morning!"

"That's nothing. I had two time bombs go off in the back garden of the next house but one!"

The third speaker lived in the West Wing, and his voice was laden with deep contempt: "Have you seen the back of the Nurses' Home?" They hadn't, and they were squashed. So—as they found when they came to inspect the damage—were a wall and several sandbags. If the enemy has done his job with such ineffective thoroughness that every man has thought his own particular part of London the worst hit; then Bart.'s men all over the country, reading daily in their papers the headline, "Famous London Hospital Hit," must have for their part had many anxious moments. But—and it may come as somewhat of a shock to many—there are other famous hospitals in London; and St. Bartholomew's, except for that slight upheaval in Little Britain, has remained, up to the moment of writing,* relatively untouched. But the area covered by all these

promiscuous droppings is amazing, and only goes to show the impregnability of London's vastness. This Editorial was started in the United Hospitals' Sailing Club's temporary quarters at Hammersmith. We went there because there was sun and a sou'wester, and we hadn't had much sleep the night before. When we arrived the Steward was just returning after an absence of four days due to a time bomb which was lying buried in the mud just below the boats. The club-room had a strange musty smell, as if it hadn't been used for a century or two, and we felt like ghosts returning from a forgotten past. But the wind was fresh as we pulled the boat down to the edge and rigged the sail and emptied the water from the bottom. Then, just as we were pushing off, the sirens went—and that was that, because you mustn't hoist a sail up near the Thames in case you give away the River's presence to the enemy. By the time the "All Clear" went the tide had turned, and it was time to go home. So we left, with the time bomb well covered with water by now. . . .

These are interesting and rather difficult days for the student. What with teaching in London—and also for a short time at Friern—sadly, if only temporarily, upset; what with those air-raid casualties for whom we have waited so long, astonishingly (we almost said, disappointingly) few—in Bart.'s at any rate, and again, we hasten to add, up to the moment of writing—it sometimes seems that the students would be better at home, where he is not a potential target. The days are empty, the evenings dangerous, and the nights—well, to say the least of it, they are stuffy and noisy.

* The night after this was written, a further upset occurred in the region between the "Slope" and the A.R.—a part of the Hospital which needed demolishing anyhow.

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On the other hand, he must stay because the greater need may come any day and, what is more, though the whole thing is extraordinarily unpleasant, there is something rather fascinating about being a small speck on one bristle of a gigantic darts-board. . . .

As I was coming up a little alley which was a loop-way to circumvent a damaged part of Smithfield, the Medical College

suddenly came in sight, seen from an unusual aspect. A meat-porter was going the same way. He jerked a thumb towards it and exclaimed to no one in particular, "That's a worry!"

But it isn't really. Because though they set us on fire or hit us with dozens of direct hits, obviously nothing on earth or in the sky can damage St. Bartholomew's more than very superficially.

THE FUTURE OF THE JOURNAL

The Journal will continue production, and will come out reasonably punctually, so long as is humanly possible. But obviously anything may happen—the address books have already been bombed and retrieved with difficulty, and we cannot give any guarantee that future numbers will arrive in time or, if the worst happens, at all. Meanwhile, we shall be greatly assisted if people will write articles for us without constant pressure—especially those people who have given promises months ago.

PLASTER

Sir Henry Gauvain, writing to the "Lancet" of September 28th, draws attention to the lack of facilities in this country for instruction in plaster-of-paris technique. He goes on to invite senior students and practitioners to make use of the facilities at the Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples Hospital, Alton. No fee is charged. We feel sure our readers will be most grateful to Sir Henry for this kind offer.

November Issue

Contributions for the November issue should be received not later than October 19th.

MEDICAL COLLEGE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

By SIR GIRLING BALL, Dean

After tremendous effort it has been possible during the past year to build up an organisation which, although not as good as in normal peace time, has gone a fair way towards producing efficient teaching facilities for the students through the whole of their medical courses. This result has been brought about by the magnificent co-operation between the students and teachers, who merit the best thanks of the College authorities for their combined efforts.

The College is now starting on a new session of work under even more trying conditions than last year's. To run a medical college in the front line demands the greatest courage and determination: but with renewed and even greater efforts, if those concerned are willing to put their shoulders to the wheel, it can and shall be done.

The organisation which has been built up will be maintained as far as possible.

The pre-clinical students have already gone back to work, some of them completing their first year's work and others the second.

The clinical students are still distributed in three hospitals, and so far as the outside hospitals are concerned the present arrangements will be maintained and, it is hoped, will be improved. Improvement in details must be made, and the College authorities will do everything they can to help.

The greatest difficulty, however, is going to be in the old Hospital, standing as it does in the very centre of the forefront of the battle. During the past year it has

been possible to accommodate a large number of students in the out-patient departments, hitherto regarded as an essential part of the students' education, and with certain clinical facilities provided in the wards by those patients whose admission was essential. In recent weeks, however, while the bombardment of London has been going on, the number of in- and out-patients has diminished to rather small figures, and it has become almost impossible to find sufficient material for teaching purposes. It seems likely, therefore, that it may be necessary to redistribute the students throughout the Sector, as was done last year. It is hoped, however, that a little patience will be exercised until it is seen whether or not things are going to settle down. The students must try to get through as many of their appointments as they can, and they will receive the sympathetic help of the Dean and the Warden to aid them in solving their difficulties. If conditions are going to remain as hectic as they are now, then those who still have to complete their courses will have to have arrangements made for them; but if conditions settle down, the departments will carry on as before.

The one point which must be instilled into the minds of both students and teachers is

that the greatest effort must be made to carry on medical education. The students must remember that they are doing a piece of work which is comparable with that of the soldiers, in that they are providing the medical service of the future and, in the case of senior students, the near future. The medical services are sure to lose heavily during any active period of warfare and their numbers must be replaced. It is therefore incumbent on every student to become qualified as quickly as possible. For the same reason, it is necessary for the teachers to make additional efforts; they are fewer in numbers than in normal times and have thus been called upon to work harder; they are now faced with a new difficulty, namely, the lack of teaching material. New methods of teaching will have to be devised to meet the occasion; these will probably be more in the nature of demonstrations than those which are normally practised.

It is no business of mine to preach, but at the beginning of this session at Bart.'s it is my duty as the Dean of the Medical College to stimulate everybody to put his heart and soul into his job; he must make the greatest effort in playing his part in helping to win the war. Bart.'s has never failed in the past; let it not fail now.

HEBERDEN'S NODES

Dr. Heberden's own Account

Digitorum Nodi

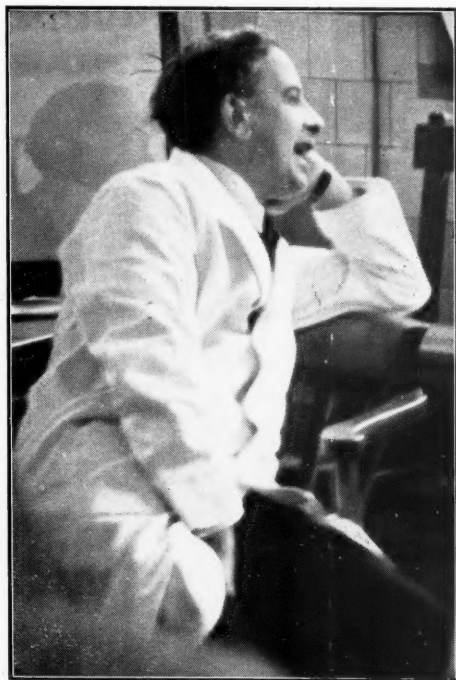
What are those little hard knobs, about the size of a small pea, which are frequently seen upon the fingers, particularly a little below the top, near the joint? They have no connexion with the gout, being found in persons who never had it; they continue for life; and being hardly ever attended with pain, or disposed to become sores, are rather unsightly than inconvenient, though they must be some little hindrance to the free use of the fingers.

Pedicularis Morbus

1762. Aug. 23. I was this day informed by Sir Edward Wilmot, that he had seen

a man who was afflicted with the morbus pedicularis. Small tumors were dispersed over the skin, in which there was a very perceptible motion and a violent itching. Upon being opened with a needle they were found to contain insects in every respect resembling common lice, excepting that they were whiter. Sir Edward Wilmot ordered a wash, consisting of four ounces of spirits of wine, four ounces of rectified oil of turpentine, and six drams of camphor. The day following he told me all the insects had been killed on being touched with this liquor, and that all the itching had immediately ceased.

OUR CANDID CAMERA



"And Bob's your uncle!"

LOCAL ANAESTHETICS

It was when I was a very puzzled junior dresser, hopelessly lost in the chaos called medicine, that anaesthetics first held out a friendly hand. An orderly chromium-plated hand, and I thought that I had found something rational at last. Rows of taps and cylinders of gas promised the mechanical exactness that was so lacking among gurgling hearts and whistling lungs. The urge to anaesthetise grew stronger with time; in the next two years I read all that one standard text-book of surgery had to say about gas and oxygen and ether. I even toyed with an article in the "Lancet" on cyclopropane. And eventually time blossomed and bore its fruit. I was to do

my anaesthetic clerking.

A month may seem a long time to fill with becoming an anaesthetist. Yet during this month there were almost more ambitious anaesthetists than there were patients for operation. A list was, therefore, drawn up; the month was reduced to a single day of thirty-fold importance. My day came. Now that I was at last to become an anaesthetist I abandoned myself to hope—to the hope that even in medicine I might meet a suspicion of the fool-proof logic of science. At nine o'clock in the morning I stepped into the minor operation theatre full of the joy of anticipation.

A patient was on the table. A houseman

was holding a nose-piece over him. The dentist was standing by. I declared myself to the houseman.

"I," I said, "have come to be an anaesthetist."

The houseman turned on the taps and the patient took the gas. The tooth came out. The patient came round; and went out. Another patient came in.

"I," I repeated expectantly, "have come to be an anaesthetist."

The housemen looked down his nose. "Have you ever given a gas before?" he asked as the second patient went to sleep.

"No," I said, "but I've read a book. And I pick things up frightfully quickly."

"Well, I'd rather you didn't give this one," said the houseman while he put the third patient under.

The fourth patient came in. With an experienced elbow I pushed the houseman aside and stobbed by the patient's head.

"Just hold this here," said the houseman, "and I'll work the machine." I held the nose-mask and it never wobbled. It stayed stable. It shows what an advantage it is to have done some reading, I said to myself.

No fifth patient came in.

"That's the lot for this morning," said the houseman. "If you hang about here you might get some more by tea-time."

I hung about for two hours, but no one came to be anaesthetised.

"Are you expecting any patients for gassing to-day?" I asked a nurse. I was bitterly disappointed with the whole thing so far. I was nearly in despair because I knew what the answer would be.

"No," said the nurse.

"Well," said I, "shall I go out into the highways and the byways to canvass some, then?"

"Grrr," said the nurse civilly: so I went out into the highways and the byways.

"Do you know if anyone is wanting an experienced, well-read anaesthetist?" I asked a theatre pink.

"Sorry," she said as she rushed by, "but you might try the wards."

I went to a surgical ward. I saw a red-faced man lying in bed. I went up to him because I thought, wrongly, that he had a pre-operational apprehensiveness about him. "I am an anaesthetist," I said, "or

at least I think I am. Most certainly I can hold the steadiest nose-piece of anyone in this hospital. There aren't any patients anywhere; would you like a gas?"

This male moron misunderstood me. Verbally he slapped me on the back until I winced. "Sit down, chum," he said heartily, "and make yourself comfortable. What'll we gas about?"

It was twenty minutes before I could escape with even the minimum of grace. By then I'd had the most enlightening conversation that I'd had for long: it was wholly factual, positively bristling with facts. He could even have told me how many green cheeses would reach the moon had I given him the chance. I detached myself and went to the nurse in charge of the ward.

"Do you know of anyone here who would like an anaesthetic? Because I'm an anaesthetist to-day, thoroughly competent, and I've read a book. Good with children, too." I said this; she said "No: they're all ill," and withdrew before I had time to ask what that had to do with it.

Dejected, I went back to the minor operation theatre. A patient was on the table again. Someone was about to inject a local before stitching an eyebrow together. The time was ripe for reason. "Have you ever," I asked the dresser, "considered the advantages of general over local anaesthesia for dealing with supra-orbital lacerations?"

"No," said the dresser injecting novocain into the squirming patient. "What are they?"

"First," I answered pointedly, for the patient was saying "Ooh" with an undisputable sincerity, "first it saves the patient pain, so *he* prefers gas: then. . . ."

The patient sat up suddenly. "I WON'T have gas," he shouted. "It made me blankety sick last time an' I won't be messed about with any more."

The dresser reassured him. Indignation centred round me. I left the theatre and went out into the surgery.

"Have you any septics?" I asked a nurse point blank. "I'm an anaesthetist—at least I shall be one day. And I'd like to give a gas."

The nurse was standing guard over a benchful of women and children. She looked rather glum.

"This one's constipated," she said, pointing to a fat old woman in black.

"I'm sorry," I answered, "you'll have to see a doctor about that. I'm an anaesthetist."

I went to the children's department which was beginning to wake up for the afternoon. I went towards the nurse in charge, and this time it was she who started the conversation.

"There isn't a class this afternoon so you can go away again," she said.

"Woman," I said crushingly, "diseased children may all be very well for beginners, but I'm an advanced student. I am an anaesthetist. If you have anyone here who would like an anaesthetic, I shall be delighted to offer my services. I know all about gas: it's puff puff puff gasp, and don't burst the bag. Have you anyone here?"

She put out her teeth at me but said nothing. As I left she was saying unusual things to the houseman.

I went to the psychological clinic. "You know," I said to a nurse who knitted by the door, "I think a nitrous oxide anaesthesia would do these people a world of good. It would take their minds off things for a while and when they woke up they'd have forgotten. . . ."

"Do you want to see Dr. Strauss?" asked the nurse a little abruptly.

"No," I said, "I don't. I'm an anaesthetist."

"Well?" said the nurse.

"Here," I said, "you have an experienced anaesthetist, myself. Why not take advantage of it? I have never actually given an anaesthetic, but this morning I held a mask in place. I have also read a great deal in the last two years."

"I don't think Dr. Strauss would like you to interfere with his patients," said the nurse, standing protectively between them and me. Why, I wonder, does every little nurse with a box of matches think she's a lady with a lamp? I explained that I had no intention of molesting the psychologically unsound and descended to the cellars. I left the nurse making harsh tchkk-tchkk noises to herself.

In the cellars I wandered about. I came to the boilers and there I saw a woman. It was an unexpected place to find her, but she may have been a fireman's wife or a straying patient, possibly. She was fat and fortyish, dressed in a sort of brown with half a cherry orchard in her hat. It wasn't anything as romantic as that which interested me; it was the remarkably ugly and prosaic faces which she was making. And a big bulging left cheek. . . . Pain, I said to myself with joy; pain and toothache. Suffering humanity usually struck me with compassion, but not on this day. Toothache meant removing a tooth and that meant—an anaesthetic.

"Madam," I said ecstatically, "you're in agony. Let me have that tooth of yours taken out for you?"

She didn't say a word. Poor suffering soul, I thought, as I led her from the boiler-room. Probably she'd been awake all night and was too exhausted to speak. There was a familiar smell about her which reminded me vaguely of medicine, but I was much too elated to worry about what she'd been taking.

I led her to the minor operation theatre. I led her by the hand. Outside I sat her down. "Madam," I said, "wait here a second and we'll have that tooth of yours out in no time. No pain, either. I'll give you gas myself if you'll just fill in the form."

She didn't say a word. She signed the form resignedly in the sort of way that fat, untalkative women do.

I burst into the theatre. "Nurse!" I cried, "I've got a patient who wants to be gassed and to have a tooth out. Will you be so very good as to prepare things?"

"Grrr!" said the nurse with a certain lack of originality. "Anaesthetic clerks can't give gasses unless there's a houseman present."

Again I fled out into the highways and the byways and in the square I found Arthur, My Best Friend. He was qualified.

"Arthur," I said as I dragged him by the arm. "I've got a patient and I'm going to stuff her while you pull her teeth out. Only you've got to supervise me."

"I suppose you know," said Arthur, "that although I'm qualified to give anaesthetics and to supervise you, I've never even turned on a gas tap in my life? But I'd like to pull some teeth out. I've never done that either." I convinced him of my

competence as an anæsthetist. All he'd have to do was give the whole thing a purpose by pulling out teeth here and there.

The fat woman was lying on a table in the theatre. On a trolley beside her were weapons.

"Funny smell," said Arthur while he was tying on his gown. I was much too occupied to answer. I was reassuring the patient before I clapped the mask on her.

"Just go on breathing, ma'am," I said soothingly.

She spoke for the first time. "Can't 'elp meself, doctor," she said. "Couldn't stop if I tried."

And then I turned on the tap, covered her face with the mask and she slept.

"It makes you think a bit," I said to Arthur with ill-concealed pride.

"It does," he said. "How do you suppose I get her teeth out with that face-mask on? It may be hackneyed, but I'd like to take them out through her mouth."

We laughed merrily, Arthur and I. At least, I hope I did. I deftly changed the face-mask for a nose-mask, and fiddled with the machine, more to give Arthur confidence than because the patient had gone blue.

Arthur clearly wasn't quite sure which forcep was which or what the things that weren't forceps were, and showed no hurry to begin.

It was then that I noticed that whereas there had once been a swelling of the left cheek, now there was one on the right. "It is a bit odd, isn't it," I remarked to Arthur when I pointed it out to him. "We'd better take out all her teeth while we're about it if they're going to swell up and down like this. She must have had a rotten time of it."

"I wonder," said Arthur. "I think I know that smell . . ." He did. He opened her mouth and bravely put his fingers in. He dragged out an enormous peppermint sweet. "I shall write this up in the 'Lancet,'" he said.

"It really is a bit odd," I said. "She looked exactly as if she had toothache." I let her come round. I gave her back her peppermint wrapped in a piece of paper. She didn't mind. Not at all. And Arthur didn't mind. He was My Best Friend. Most of all I didn't mind. Why should I? —I'd just given my first anæsthetic.

TO ANY NURSE

Proud is my heart in me
To sing thy eulogy
To praise
Thy abnegated days.

Sublime humility
Degraded thus to be
To cede
Pride to the greater need.

The Laurel and the Thorn
Concatenate, adorn
Thy brows;
Sole guerdon of thy vows.

T. H. E. R.

AN UNUSUAL CASE OF ALLERGY TO ASPIRIN

THE following document was brought in by a lay patient; it has not been edited in any way:—

"For over three months now I have been suffering from a skin irritation the seeming cause of which is the appearance of small 'heat bumps' which come up on various parts of my body, arms and legs from time to time.

About two months ago one morning I took two Asperin tablets for a headache, and about an hour afterwards my face had swollen and assumed a dull red flush. My eyelids had also swollen and the rims become very inflamed, and my eyes blood-shot. To the touch my face, forehead, and back of neck (these being the only parts affected) felt like a 'mass of lumps.'

This was accompanied by a severe pain in my chest, as of acute indigestion; blurred sight, and some little difficulty with speech owing to tightness of facial skin. Some of the above-mentioned 'heat bumps' appeared on my arms, and just one or two red blotches on body.

Without taking any remedy the phenomena faded out after about four hours.

On Saturday morning last I took two Aspros and within an hour exactly and precisely the same thing as set out above occurred again. But this time a slight repetition in the afternoon.

At times of a night (not frequently) my body gets intensely hot, but is not accompanied by sweating.

Physical reaction: Lack of energy.

Medical history: Six months ago I had slight attack of Influenza. Previous illness, Jan., 1919, just home from France, went down with very severe attack of 'Spanish flu.' Previously just child ailments when a youngster."

Though asthma has been recorded in several cases as an allergic response to aspirin, angio-neurotic oedema is a rare phenomenon in this respect. No literature on the subject was found in any of the last two years' medical publications; unfortunately, further search has not been made up to the time of going to press. The patient was instructed to use phenacetin instead of aspirin, and requested to report any further attacks. He has not been seen again after three months.

M. B. H. G.

R.S.V.P.

by G. Haverfordwest
(pronounced Harvest)

From the day, indeed from the very moment, that a boy decides that medicine is to be his career, he is peculiarly beset on all sides by questions. No other profession is so liberally bespattered with marks of interrogation; at no other profession is the eyebrow so constantly raised.

Setting aside Examiners, a thing that most of us have desired to do at some time more or less remote, we will consider the idle, the inane, the oft-repeated, the embarrassing, and other distasteful forms of questioning, and the most satisfying method of reply.

Regrettably frequent is the query: "What made you decide to become a doctor?" Idle, inane, oft-repeated and sometimes embarrassing. To such questions most doctors answer impatiently, briefly and without thoroughness; some deal with them as courteously as may be, trying to combine the beauty of candour with an ever-present charitable remembrance that no-one of these inquisitive persons at bottom means to be annoying. Not through intention do they become pests, but through repetition. And repetition, I reflect meekly, is a foible which has been imputed to me

also by exceedingly well-read persons very nearly as intelligent as my questioners. It behoves me, perhaps, to condone repetition.

Even so, I admit that when I have been asked any question twenty times, and have answered that question twenty times, the progression begins indefinitely to lack zest; with the arrival of the hundredth time I regard it, I fear, with active distaste.

"What made you decide to become a doctor?" In my long-past but unregretted youth I replied at length, recounting the odd concatenation of circumstances, the strange emotions and half-understood longings which led to my arrival at Barts. "What made you decide to become a doctor?" Now, simply, "I didn't!" Which illustrates my advance, in some degree, toward the great respondent virtue of brevity. And though it is the short form that I now commonly use, I preserve a liking for the longer, franker and more self-expressive form; "though brevity be a virtue, yet is truth not always a vice."

For a short time after qualifying one is plagued by: "What does it feel like to become a doctor?" and "How do you like being qualified?" to which one may give a delicately coloured picture of the my-life-is-before-me school, or a resounding example of the success-attained-at-last variety, or, more briefly, "much the same as having a hang-over." Many of my colleagues, I grant you, would have expressed themselves differently here and there, adventuring more fearlessly in the uncivil!

In the case of a dashing doctor who has enjoyed his youth, it is well known that, without consulting his preferences, divers women pop out of his past just as relent-

lessly as yet other women prepare to enter his future; but that seems inadequately to excuse the embarrassing reiteration of his colleagues, who unflaggingly question his morality whenever he is seen in the company of anything from a girl to a goat. To them I would say that my morals are, if not exactly beyond reproach, not yet beyond hope.

To those medical men who teach is well known the pest who asks questions to which he already knows the answer, second only in nuisance-value to the one who asks questions to which the teacher knows not the answer. To both the retort is: "You tell me."

Yet it seems to me, on deliberation, that another type of question is more widely represented; other teachers, being more lucid fellows, may be called on not quite so frequently to explain what, during the progress of exposition, they imagined they were talking about. I, who am not omniscient, may not speak here for my confrères; but I do know that my own pupils take rather a high hand with me as to this point, incessantly.

Furthermore, there is the fellow, so innocent his eye! so frank and open his countenance! who asks you just that one question which shows that he believes not one word of what, with sweat and agony, you have for hours been trying to instil into what, with more of charity than regard for truth, you have been pleased to call his mind. To you in this hour of trial I would meekly offer this advice: do not scarify him, heap no reproaches on his head, do not pursue him with contumely; he is probably the only one who has been listening.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Subscription rates for the Journal are: Life, £5 5s.; 5 years, £1 11s. 6d.; annual, 7s. 6d. Readers are reminded that these rates bear no relation to the nominal charge of 4d. per copy made to students, to limit numbers in view of paper shortage; 4d. actually by no means covers the cost of producing one copy.

Authors are entitled to three complimentary copies of the number in which their work appears, but will only receive them on application. If reprints of an article are required, they are asked to send the order before the date of publication of the number in which it appears.

LETTER FROM THE MIDDLE EAST

At Sea,
H.M.S. " — " "

23.7.40.

My dear —,

It's a queer journey I'm making. First I found myself on a luxury liner, first class, of course, and no work at all. Then there was a vivid day ashore at St. Helena; three of us had a few hours' leave, and tramped up through the town of Jamestown, its streets littered with ancient cannon and half-caste children, and up a small hill track; an arid lava-strewn hillside, with only cacti at first. Later there were upland meadows, where the sea mists condensed and gave some moisture, and palm trees pomsetteas, and raucous birds.

At Durban we stuck for three weeks' holiday. What a place! Warm, lazy, dry; pleasant, easy people; palm trees, cool clubs where Indian waiters bring long whiskeys and short gins; dancing by moonlight on a floor roofed only by palms.

Now I'm in a troopship bound for God knows where. I have quite a bit of work now, as we have a 'flu epidemic on the soldiers' mess deck, and the sailors are always knocking themselves about. We are travelling in convoy, and waiting for Italian aircraft.

I hadn't expected all this when I joined the Service. We get the worst of things in one way, because we go farthest and get home last. But, otherwise, we get our compensations. And how they love us in patriotic cities like Durban!

Write and tell me the news sometime. I don't talk of the war because I know very little about it.

Yours,

J—.

CORRESPONDENCE

WAR AND EVOLUTION.

To the Editor, *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*
Dear Sir,

The leading article in the last issue of the Journal might be looked upon as a contribution of scientific inspiration.

The majority of people, following the lead of their Teachers and their Preachers, are bewailing the calamities of to-day, and are condemning the horrors of war and the wickedness of warmongers.

Just as in the last war, the crowds were shouting "Hang the Kaiser," so to-day a spirit of increasing bitterness is springing up, and men seem to relieve their own minds by quoting the most objectionable adjectives to apply to Hitler and his gang, and to Mussolini and his cabal.

It is specially valuable therefore that scientific teachers should remind all thinking people that this war, like all wars, is only a cleansing process by which terrestrial human life can be purified.

The methods of God appear at times to be the handiwork of the devil, but whatever names we may give the process, the fact none the less remains that the History of Evolution warns us that although gentle means have the most profound effect, when they are continued sufficiently long, yet violent means appear to be necessary from time to time to give a sudden jerk in evolutionary progress.

It always reminds me of a solution which may approach steadily for a long time towards the saturation point, and then almost miraculously, and certainly suddenly, as the result of a jar, the solution has become permeated with crystal solids.

In the same way what we call the Conscience

of Humanity ever so often makes a progressive step as the result of some sudden severe change in environment, and minds that have been apparently unconsciously sleeping for centuries suddenly become conscious to an entirely different outlook upon life.

Let me take a medical case that illustrates my meaning.

Age after age the human race was afflicted with great outbreaks of diseases, such, for example, as the "Plague" or "Typhus."

Again and again the scourge came, and men tried to meet it by incense, adoration, prayers, vows, and manifold drugs, and other treatments.

And yet beyond all this, by means of the disease, if only they could have seen it, the beckoning hand was pointing to the command of the ages: "Wash and be clean." "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

Thousands of thousands of people had to die miserable deaths before they could learn the lesson that Insanitation is the Foundation of Morbidity.

Men complained of God when they were dying of the plague.

Men were bidden to look upon such a disease as a "Dispensation of Providence" that should be borne with humility and meekness.

Eventually science said with no uncertain voice, "This disease is the result of your own fault. Wash, be clean, and you will be free from it."

One of the next steps in evolution is that humanity should learn the brotherhood of man.

Herbert Spencer summed it up that evolution was a progress from enmity to amity.

Hitler and Mussolini and their crew are mere blains and boils wherein the disease in humanity has become focussed.

War is the carbuncle of the spiritual world, and the core and all that is attached to it has to be spewed out of the human race.

The process is a painful one, and is often destructive of sound tissue as it proceeds, but the end is a lesson learnt.

Once human beings have grasped that we do not live in and for ourselves, and have learnt that the Rich must not become rich by the sufferings of the poor; and have become conscience conscious that no man can suffer alone; but that every man's sufferings and privations are part of the body politic, and that therefore covetousness, Hatred, Malice, and all Uncharitableness have not only to be preached from pulpits but practised by all, then when this stage of progressive evolution has been reached, wars will have done their work and war will then no longer be possible.

Towards such a Golden Age this war is leading us.

We are not fighting to kill Germans, but to make all men fuller of that pity of God which fired the soul of Rahere.

Yours, etc.,

JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

8, Harley Street, W.1.

* * *

To the Editor, *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*
Dear Sir,

Your leading article entitled "Light in our Darkness" gave me the impression of confused darkness, and it left me a little sad. I seemed to sense a feeling of disillusionment and perplexity. There seemed to be a doubt in the writer's mind as to what is the ultimate goal.

This attitude is understandable and natural. Thus, speaking psychologically, that is to say on the emotional rather than the intellectual plane, it is obvious that in infancy, childhood and adolescence, every human being is dependent on society for its survival. On reaching maturity each one of us is required to do his bit to support society by accepting responsibility and contributing by work to the common weal. The first awareness of this change over often creates in the young adult that variety of sensations which many of us have experienced in the few moments that precede a rather high dive into cold water. Other sensations are quickly experienced on rising to the surface of the water that is colder than was anticipated. Thus there may be a feeling of independence and power and unlimited scope more buoyant than the water itself, or there may be the sensation of isolation and a doubt as to the swimmer's strength and ability to keep afloat. Rightly or wrongly, I read something of this "shivering on the brink" into the leading article in question. It seemed to me that the writer had not fully realised the number of others in the water, and had not yet had time to experience the joy of those contacts which are made by helping others or being helped himself.

The writer continued his thought in an enquiry as to the ultimate goal. There seemed to be for him a little light in modern internationalism, and

alternatively in the brave experiment in social reorganisation made in Russia since the last great war.

My reason for writing this letter is to express my personal conviction that these objectives are both small and wrong. Society exists for the benefit of the individual, and it must be one of the prime objects of each individual's life to work for the maintenance of society because man is a communal animal. Internationalism is a building of which nations are the bricks. My idea is that the preservation of humanity and human society is the ideal to inculcate, and the building which concerns us is the one of which each individual is a brick. My emphasis is on the individual, and not on the nation or the state. It is of course no easy matter to get this ideal across because of the warring instincts in human nature. The ego instinct and desire for self-preservation works fairly harmoniously with the instinct of procreation, which fulfils the desire for the survival of the race. But there is a contrary instinct in all of us, and one that finds satisfaction in destruction and giving pain. Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann, a German (as one would expect), physician (I regret), epitomised this ingredient of human character in his story of "Shock-headed Peter," so well known to the older members of this era as "Struwwelpeter." No understanding of German character is complete without close study of this remarkable book.

To my mind, having been brought up a Christian, it is this basic destructive instinct in human nature that Jesus Christ recognised as "original sin," and taking a broad view of His divine teaching, it was this which He set Himself to blot out. And so I feel that it would be a matter for profound regret if we were to take modern Russia as giving us a lead. Modern Russia under Stalin's leadership has made war on religion, especially in its persecution both of formal Judaism and Christian services. In short, I believe that the object of living is to preserve humanity, and that to achieve this we require God's help. Without such help humanity will destroy itself.

Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY EVANS.

7, Mansfield Street, W.1.

MEDICAL REFUGEES

To the Editor, *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*
Dear Sir,

In answer to your correspondent, P. A. Bachmann, there are many British doctors seeking a livelihood on account of their practices in defence areas around the coast having disappeared. In this war students are being encouraged to continue their studies and not join the combatant units as they did in the last war, so that a supply of young doctors is being made for future service to the community.

It is not right that foreigners should be enabled to establish themselves in practice in this country to the detriment of medical men absent in the Services, as happened in the last war.

The safety of this country is too important, that we can afford to be too nice about the majority, in insuring that the minority, who are potential Fifth Columnists, are safely controlled, in view of the success that Hitler has achieved in other countries mainly with this agency.

There is no finer and disinterested way of man showing his regard for a country than by fighting for it in a combatant unit.

Any shortage of nurses due to those who have joined the Services is being met by the return of retired nurses to nursing duties and increasing

supply of trained helpers. Our hospitality extends almost beyond any reasonable expectations, but we must take care to safeguard ourselves.

C. HAMBLÉN-THOMAS.

9, Harley Street, W.1.

CRICKET MATCH

Mr. O'Connell's Hill End XI. v. Mr. Harmer's St. Bartholomew's Hospital XI. Played at Hill End.

On a peaceful morning in August before this great war came to London an old and very squeaky 'bus was waiting in Smithfield. The Vicarage was cleared, and the visiting team—rather surprisingly, for it was a Sunday—was away on time.

It was a good team—on paper. For did it not include the names of seven people who in 1936 had helped to win the Hospital Cup? The home team had heard of this too, and, blue with fright we were assured, had been having evening "nets" in order to show some of their fellows that a cricket ball was held quite differently from a golf club.

After certain stops, for the 'bus was very old, everyone arrived. The sun came out, and the teams' wives arranged themselves along the boundary with an altogether excessive number of dogs, and took no further interest in the play, which then commenced. Mr. O'Connell won the toss, and after a disproportionate amount of thought, for there had never been a better wicket, decided to bat.

At this far-distant date it is difficult to remember details, but the general impression of the home team was of a fine cricketer's innings played by Westwood, who made nearly half the runs scored by his side, and of the care and deliberation of the captain himself who, in spite of being attacked by the leg-theory bowling of James (from in front), and the homicidal tendencies of the wicket keeper (from behind) was finally not out lbw when he had made 19. In addition, Rait-Smith's innings and Tubbs "knock" against a background of more dropped catches than has ever been seen before, gave much pleasure to the onlookers. Everybody bowled, and each rather worse than the one before.

By comparison, Mr. Harmer's team did not give such value for money. The scorer was emphatic on this point, for during the tea interval he had taken the umpire aside, and with the aid of coloured beads and words of one syllable had convinced him that an over should contain 6 balls and 6 balls only. Consequently in this innings the play was cleaner and altogether more above board, and an element of surprise and grave speculation was removed.

The wicket was as true as a bowling green (with the exception of one smallish bunker), and there was no reason why the seven great cricketers already mentioned should not have made 50 apiece. Yet Harold was the only one who did, though Heyland might very well have done so had not a missed catch in the deep field earlier in the day split his hand for him. (Another missed catch, equally deep, was responsible for fracturing Tubbs' fifth metacarpal, but this was not discovered until three days later!)

Hill End's 124 was passed with four wickets in hand, but nobody noticed that; for all had come prepared to play cricket, and, as everyone knows, that means batting. And so Hunt went in, like the village blacksmith, and hit the first ball for a 4 and the second to everyone's intense delight, for he was determined to do so, for a 5. After that it was mostly beer, and a rather dismal drive back to London in the black out. And everyone enjoyed it enormously, and said we will have another game in September, but Hitler said total war on London. . . .

HOGARTH.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Johnstone, ct and		North, b Bartlett	3
b Spafford	3	Cambridge, c t	
Harmer, ct Rank,		and b Spafford	4
b Bartlett	5	Morse, b Bartlett	1
Heyland, lbw, b		Evans, b Spafford	0
O'Connell	46	James, run out	12
Harold, b Spaf-		Hunt, not out	25
ford	57		
Brown, b Bartlett	9	Total	165
Bowling:—Spafford	4 for 45; Bartlett	4 for 48.	

Hill End.

Bartlett, ct and b		Tubbs, ct Hunt,	
Heyland	3	b James	16
Westwood, ct		O'Connell, lbw, b	
James, b Har-		North	19
mer	51	Hayward c and b	
Barron, b Hey-		James	0
land	1	Rank, not out	1
Rait-Smith, b		Mowlem, b North	1
Cambridge	16	Extras	11
Gray, ct Harmer,			
b Cambridge	2	Total	124
Spafford, st Hunt,			
b Cambridge	3		

Bowling: Cambridge 3 for 16.

AN APOLOGY

The Publication Committee apologises for delay in publishing this number. The Battle of London has interfered with the printing trade, and we are sorry to announce that the Editor has been taken ill. His place is being taken by Mr. E. Grey Turner.

HILL END NEWS

Some aspects of music

Much space has recently been devoted to details of cricketing operations so that I have no compunction even in the teeth of paper rationing, in drawing attention to one of the aspects at least of our musical life at Hill End, viz., the Chorus. Briefly our purpose was to sing together for our own pleasure and if we became proficient enough, we used occasionally to perform in public. We gave three such performances, of which the first two in particular were surprisingly successful. In addition we were able to raise £10 for the Red Cross by singing Xmas Carols.

At our first performance, towards the end of November, 1939, we found ourselves appearing at the end of an impressive list of local talent; in addition to this, we had to cope with an amused and almost hostile audience. Nothing daunted, however, the elegance of our performance astonished even ourselves and brought the house down. I seized an unrivalled opportunity to make an appeal for recruits, stressing my "urgent longing to embrace every nurse in the hospital within our midst" and asked for male assistance in this. Everyone seemed delighted with this suggestion, and the results were not unsatisfactory, as at least sixty nurses and twenty students must at some time or other have been regular singers—in just about typical "Messerschmitt-Spitfire" ratio, the chief difference being that usually we were in harmony.

Then we averaged two practices a week until Xmas, when we went carol-singing. On the first occasion two males had to furnish support for about thirty-five soprano and alto enthusiasts—one bass and one tenor. We raised £2, though I must confess that I was completely exhausted at the end—with a sore throat of almost streptococcal severity. Mr. Hambly, however, seemed all the better for his experiences.

Mr. Drake, as a result of a brainstorm, was able to produce two army lorries with crews so that fifty of us were able to scour St. Albans. The division of labour between the sexes was equal—not quite the right proportion for singing, but on one worried about that. Our tour was most successful and included visits to the Bishop, Dean, many houses both public and private and most of the important streets of the town. Our combined efforts raised £10. This was sent to the Red Cross with the appreciation, I think, of the whole hospital with unimportant exceptions. All who took part thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I should add that the expedition was unofficial and open to all.

Shortly after Xmas, we gave a grand choral festival. The programme included many songs, carols and chorales. In addition there was some community singing of popular carols. There were numerous soloists amongst whom our Caruso Tum-Tom ranked high. Unfortunately, space forbids any further references to these exploits. The Clifford-Smith Piano Quartet also rendered us invaluable assistance by accompanying us in one item and by providing a charming interlude. There was a big and appreciative audience, and the evening was a great success.

"From Strength to Strength go on;"—and we did, despite much bad luck. A tremendous shift of duty took place amongst the nurses, and we lost many of our most esteemed members. Many new ones seemed afraid to join. Added to this, influenza and that pest Rubella at times nearly brought us to a standstill, not to mention nurses' examinations. Had these things been foreseen, we should have undertaken a less ambitious programme, perhaps. Therefore, I am glad that they were not foreseen, for without ambition one will get nowhere. Anyhow, we tackled Brahms "Song of Destiny" and Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens" in eight parts. Unfortunately, owing to the circumstances enumerated above, we were not able to finish the latter, although it was easier than the former. We did succeed in finishing "The Song of Destiny" and, with Mr. Tweedy as accompanist and absolutely invaluable at that, performed it with some songs at a joint choral and orchestral concert at the end of March. At the end, a vote of thanks was proposed and passed with enthusiasm to Mr. Tweedy for all that he had done for music at Hill End.

Though the performance was not perfect, I like to feel that Brahms would have blessed the attempt rather than have lifted the turf! It is not, perhaps, out of place to remark that he and that Billroth of partial gastrectomy fame were very great friends, and that parts of the B flat Piano-forte Concerto were submitted to Billroth for his approval. This association between the great men we tried to emulate in a small way at Hill End both actively in the chorus and orchestra, and also with numerous gramophone recitals which were well attended. Space forbids further reference to these latter, but their activities were widely appreciated. I hope that in the future they will all become an integral feature of the social life of the hospital on an universal basis and freed from traditional prejudice. J. L. F.

CAMBRIDGE NEWS

Owing, as wireless announcers say, to a technical hitch, no news from Cambridge has recently appeared in the Journal. The Pre-Clinical Section is, however, still going strong.

At the present moment only those students entered for the forty-six-week anatomy course are up here, all working feverishly for their rapidly approaching 2nd M.B. The majority of the men return here on the second of next month.

Several of the College's sporting activities were interrupted at the end of last term by the premature departure of the University. The Boat Club, having laboured throughout the summer, found themselves, trained to a hair, but with no Mays in which to demonstrate their skill. However, Cambridge University is opening again on the 4th October, and the secretaries of the Rugger, Soccer, and Hockey clubs hope to secure full fixture lists once again.

On Saturday, October 26th, the Students' Union are again holding a dance with the aim of raising funds for the Hospital, and we hope to entertain as many from Hill End, Friern, and London as can manage to make an appearance.

* * *

CRICKET.

No accounts of any cricket matches played by preclinicals at Cambridge have appeared since the June issue of the Journal. This does not mean that none have been played, for indeed the team has gone from strength to strength, winning three of the last four matches that were played. For several of these the side was reinforced by two members of the Staff, to whom we owe our thanks

more startling average of 58, and his total number of runs is 120. M. A. C. Dowling seems to throw a cricket ball with as much skill as any of his other weapons, and has taken 21 wickets for 6.62 runs apiece. G. J. Grossmark also has done consistently well, securing 19 wickets at a cost of 4.8 runs each.

Only a brief resume of the last matches can now be given, and is as follows:—

Date.—May 25th: v. Fitzwilliam House 93 (Grossmark 5—23, Monckton 4—27). St. Bart's: 94—3 (J. N. H. Jones 51, Randall 25). Result: Won by 7 wickets.

Date.—July 3rd: v. Ridley Hall 65 (Grossmark 7—14). St. Bart's: 106—8 declared (Linsell 19, G. J. Willans 17). Result: Won by 41 runs.

Date.—July 19th: v. Amalgamated Banks, Cambridge 89—8 (Dowling 5—29). St. Bart's: 103—9



"And the Cricket side was reinforced"

for their excellent performances.

Glancing through the season's averages several individual performances are worthy of mention. Captaining the side with admirable skill, Linsell has an aggregate of 215 runs for the season, and an average of 25. J. N. H. Jones has an even

declared (Dowling 32, Linsell 18). Result: Match drawn.

Date.—July 26th: v. Gonville Gunmen 64 (Dowling 7—18). St. Bart's: 110—7 (Linsell 50, Hunt 15, Dowling 15). Result: Won by 7 wickets.

SPORTS NEWS

GOLF CLUB.

The Annual Hospital Meeting was held in beautiful weather at Porter's Park, Radlett, on Wednesday, August 28th. After a considerable delay in starting, due to three competitors paying a visit to a nearby club by mistake, we managed to fit in 36 holes just before the light failed.

One noticed, after the tea interval, that two or three leading lights, who had been quenching their thirst overlong at the bar, found considerable difficulty in guiding their ball along the straight and narrow, and were to be frequently seen jumping in and out of the various military earthworks scattered round the course in their endeavour to produce a winning score. Nevertheless,

they succeeded in timing their play to coincide with the setting sun and the vicinity of the club house, and were there ready to lift up the hearts of those who had trudged round the full distance, and who came in with looks of awful despair upon their faces.

Dr. Graham's Cup for the best scratch score was won by N. Birkett with 79 (four over bogey), and the other handicap cups were won by J. L. Fison with 70 net Hospital Challenge Cup, and J. P. Stephens 2 up (Girling Ball Cup).

Our thanks are due to the Porter's Park G.M. Club for a really splendid evening in spite of an air-raid warning.

Wednesday, August 21st, marked a pleasant and relaxing interlude, the occasion of the Annual Staff v. Student's Match, unavoidably postponed from an earlier date.

The weather behaved adequately, a fresh breeze only giving way to a short shower of rain after tea.

Due to the prevailing conditions a number of the most formidable members of the Student's side were unable to attend, and were deputised for by weaker brethren, who earned the title of "rabbits" by the time the 19th was reached, although their prowess at this hole was not disputed.

The singles were played off before tea. Here the staff showed considerable ability, and a touch of genius in eliciting the aid of natural surroundings, for it was during this part of the day's play that the phenomena occurred that will mark the occasion indelibly in the memories of many present. The play had been waxing and waning over the pleasing Hadley Wood course when it came to the turn of a member of the Student's side to drive his golf ball into the middle distance, whereon a covetous looking crow appeared, and with malicious aim dived upon the sphere, carrying it away into the upper air, firmly held in its beak, thereby imperilling the classical seat held by the Jackdaw of Rheims, and simultaneously incorporating a new variety of golfer to be known as "the crow golfer."

The foursomes were played off on a half round after tea, and the day's play terminated in victory for the Staff, to whose credit it should be added that they reached this conclusion without making best of a number of their allotted bisques, officially two in the singles and one in the foursomes.

Having discussed the finer points of the day's play over a pint or so, the majority retired to the club's dining room, where Dr. Graham presided over a very hearty and informal dinner, which was suitably wound up by a short speech from the President announcing the result of the match and the possibility of returning to Hadley Wood on the next occasion should the war still be in progress. Mr. McAleeman answered, thanking Dr. Graham and the Staff to whom we were all very indebted for a splendid afternoon and evening, and including a few well-chosen words on the activities of a certain crow to offset Dr. Graham's suggestion of the presence of rabbits, and here it may well be repeated that all those who played for the Student's side do most heartily endorse Mr. McAleeman's words of thanks to the staff, and especially to Dr. Graham, to whose activity the occasion was largely responsible.

SWIMMING CLUB

The end of September brings to a close the current year's fixtures of the Bart's Swimming Club, and incidentally marks the close of what has been a varied and pleasant year's swimming.

Despite the war, the Club has succeeded in maintaining a good fixture list with other schools and other Hospitals, and has managed to incorporate in the team those members of the club who are up at Cambridge.

It was fitting that our last matches should be with our old friends and opponents, the Scots Guards, who kindly invited Bart's to play against them at their swimming gala on the 20th August, when we succeeded in winning a closely fought and most enjoyable game by the narrow margin of three goals to one.

Bart's v. Scots Guards

At Lambeth Baths. August 20th.

Bart's managed to get the ball from the opening swim up, and after a certain amount of play in mid-pool, W. Young broke away and scored our first goal. After the swim up we again made a raid on the enemy's goal, but Smith's shot was stopped by the goal-keeper, and in the ensuing excitement it was noticed that Pearce was roosting inside the two-yard limit, and was forced to leave the water. The remaining time of this half was occupied by some furious swimming by all the Bart's team, in an heroic endeavour to do the work of six men, and at the end of the half, despite some narrow escapes, we held a lead of 1-0.

The opening of the second half found Pearce still on the bank, looking very cold and miserable, while the rest of the team continued to keep the Scots Guards at bay. After about one minute, however, they equalised, and this allowed Pearce back with us again, where he looked even more cold and miserable. After the swim up we again carried the play to the Guards' goal, and Pearce succeeded in bringing the score to 2-1 in our favour. Shortly after this E. Young added another, and the match finished with the score at 3-1. After the match we were each given a medal, specially struck to commemorate the first London swimming gala of the war, and then entertained to some stronger waters than the Lambeth Baths could offer.

Our thanks are most gratefully tendered to Lieut. Cummings and his men for providing us with four of the most enjoyable matches of the season, and we hope to play them yet again in the coming season.

NEW BOOKS

Surgery of the Hand. By R. M. Handfield-Jones, M.C., M.S., F.R.C.S. (E. and S. Livingstone. Price 15/-.)

The preface to this volume suggests that the surgery of the hand is one of the Author's pet subjects, and as such, in this book he does justice to it indeed.

The importance of this subject cannot be too heavily stressed, and one has only to look at the Out-Patient department of any Hospital to appreciate the number of injuries to the hand which require treatment.

At the same time, Mr. Handfield-Jones is not concerned only with the hand after it has reached the stage of surgical interference, for the first chapter embodies a portion devoted to the immediate treatment of potentially septic wounds, which, if carried out, greatly reduces the risk of severe sepsis.

The book may be divided into three portions, dealing respectively with septic lesions and their complications, fractures and dislocations and, finally, two chapters on congenital and acquired defects, including tumours.

Not without justice, by far the largest part of this book deals with sepsis of the hand, which is dealt with most fully in a delightfully clear and concise manner, giving full instructions and illustrations as to surgical technique. The possible complications, and the steps to be taken if these are to be avoided are also fully discussed.

The necessary diagrams of the anatomy of the hand are very well executed, and the descriptions of the various spaces in the hand are admirably illustrated by actual X-rays, with the site of the spaces super-imposed.

The section on fractures describes and illustrates all the better methods of splinting, and little more need be said on this chapter, save that it deals fully with all the fractures of the hand in an orthodox manner.

In these two sections, the Author stresses the importance of careful and intelligent after-treatment, for, as he states in his preface, "what does it profit a man to have an abscess drained if he lose the use of his hand?"

In closing we have no hesitation in saying that this is one of the finest volumes of its kind that we have seen, and it cannot be recommended too strongly to all surgeons and practitioners alike, and indeed, to all future practitioners and surgeons, for there is little in the book which is not of paramount importance to the medical student himself.

Applied Physiology. Seventh Edition. Samson Wright, M.D., F.R.C.P. (Oxford Medical Publication. 25/-.)

A description of the general outlines of such a well-known and valued book as this one would be a work of super-erogation on the reviewer's part, for there must be few medical students indeed who are not acquainted with it.

The seventh edition has been much enlarged to accommodate the results of recent research in physiology, and students will find that every important development in the realm of physiology has been dealt with most adequately, though it would be impossible here to give a detailed list of the sections and chapters in which these improvements have taken place. It is sufficient to say that Professor Wright has drawn freely on all the available sources of information, and has

reproduced them in his usual condensed and accurate style, so that a modern volume has been produced without giving way to any great increase in bulk.

We have always considered that one of the great advantages of this book has been that, while it is an extremely readable book, the method of arranging the index has made it a most helpful source for reference. Readers of the seventh edition will find that the index is as useful as ever, incorporating the new material in the same excellent style.

Bandaging and Nursing Notes for Masseuses. By Edith M. Prosser. (Faber and Faber. 5/-.)

Oddly enough, medical students are never taught bandaging, save in the Boy Scouts or by some sympathetic nurse. The first two chapters of this little book, which are clearly written and profusely illustrated, should be of assistance to them.

On the chapter on Asepsis and Antisepsis Miss Prosser is on less certain ground. There are several inaccuracies, probably due to a gallant attempt to oversimplify the subject. In the section on the pulse, the "water-hammer pulse" is compared to "pouring water slowly out of a bottle," a resemblance which is obscure and certainly not responsible for the term.

The book as a whole, however, should be useful to masseuses, for whom Miss Prosser wrote it.

A Hospital Prayer Book, compiled by M. L. Jacks, D. B. Porter and G. R. Girdlestone. (Oxford University Press. 8d.)

The happy idea of compiling a Prayer Book for use in hospitals originated in the Wingfield-Morris Orthopaedic Hospital. The least satisfactory part of this compilation is the prayers themselves.

There is a wide selection, but they are mostly unfamiliar; and somehow new prayers seem never to have the beauty and comfort of Cranmer's immortal compositions. No. 45, however, is a new and unorthodox prayer with an attraction all its own.

The other sections of the book, dealing with the Creed, the Holy Communion, Intercession and Spiritual Healing, are excellent and might well be studied in more institutions than Hospitals. A most appropriate selection of passages from Scripture is also included.

BIRTHS

GIBSON.—On September 4th, 1940, at 51, Southgate Street, Winchester, to Betty, wife of Lieutenant R. G. Gibson, R.A.M.C.—a daughter.

HAMBLY.—On September 8th, 1940, at Treharrock, Seer Green, Bucks, to Elizabeth Mary (née Cadbury), wife of Edmund Hambly, F.R.C.S.—a daughter (Elizabeth Cadbury).

LAWN.—On July 23rd, 1940, at Abontiakoon, Tarkwa Gold Coast Colony, to Rita May, wife of John Lawn—a daughter.

SMART.—On September 5th, 1940, at a Bromley nursing home, to Phyllis (née Frampton), wife of Joseph Smart, M.D., M.R.C.P.—a daughter.

WEST.—On September 15th, 1940, at The Rossan, Auchencarm, Castle Douglas, to Jean (née Fleming), wife of Dr. Ranyard West—a son.

DEATHS

DEIGHTON.—On August 26th, 1940, suddenly, at Cheltenham, Thomas Dudley Deighton, very dearly loved husband of Gillian Deighton.

EDKINS.—On August 17th, 1940, John Sydney Edkins, M.A., M.B., D.Sc., of 61, Castleton Mansions, Barnes, S.W., aged 77.

FURBER.—On August 19th, 1940, at 25, Welbeck Street, W.1, Edward Price Furber, C.B.E., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

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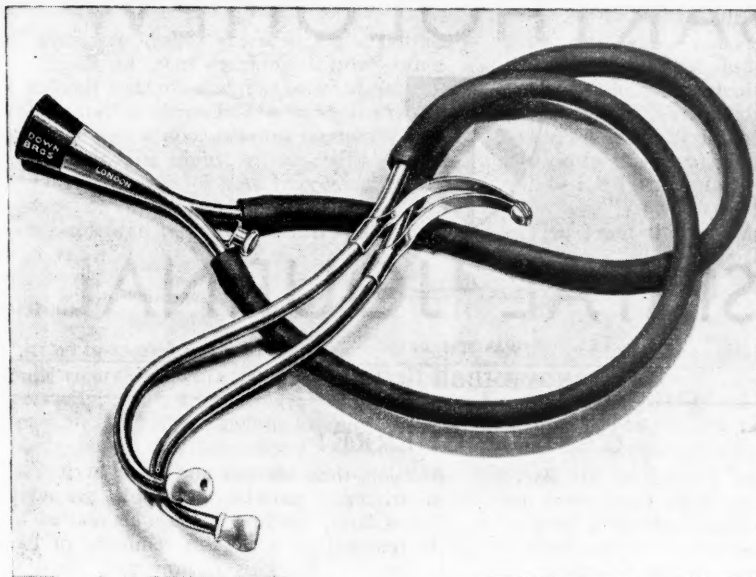
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